

A MAN AND PANTHERFIGHT.

A Thrilling Passage from James Lane Allen's New Novel of Kentucky Life.

A fight between an unarmed man and a panther occurs in James Lane Allen's new novel, "The Chalk Hills," which is about to be published by Macmillan & Co. This episode furnishes one of the most thrilling passages to be found in recent fiction.

The story is laid in the days of the settlement of Kentucky. It is the hero, a schoolmaster, who has the adventure with the panther.

"He sat at the upper end of the room, looking blankly through the doorway at the gray light and clouds of white mist trailing. Once an object came into the field of his vision. At the first glimpse he thought it a dog—long, lean, skulking, prowling, tawny—on the scent of his tracks. Then the mist passed over it. When he beheld it again it had approached nearer, and was creeping rapidly toward the door.

"His listless eyes grew fascinated by its motions—its lithe, supple, grace, stealth, exquisite caution. Never before had he seen a dog with the step of a cat.

"A second time the fog closed over it, and then, advancing right out of the cloud with more swiftness, more cunning, its large feet falling as lightly as flakes of snow, the weight of its huge body borne forward as noiselessly as the trailing mist, it came straight on. It reached the hickory block, which formed the doorway; it paused there an instant, with its forequarters in the doorway, one forefoot raised, the end of its long tail waving; and then it stole just over the threshold and crouched, its head pressed down until its long, whitish throat lay on the floor; its short, jagged ears set forward stiffly, like the broken points of a javelin; its dilated eyes blazed with steady green light as still as death.

"And then, with his blood become as ice in his veins from horror, and all the strength gone out of him in a death-like faintness, the schoolmaster realized that he was face to face, unarmed, with a cougar, gaunt with famine and come for his kill.

"This dreaded animal, the panther, or painter, of the backwoods, which has for its kindred the royal tiger and the fatal leopard of the Old World, the beautiful ocelot and splendid, unconquerable jaguar of the New, is now rarely found in the Atlantic States or the fastnesses of the Alleghenies. It, too, has crossed the Mississippi, and is probably now best known as the savage puma of more southern zones. But a hundred years ago it abounded throughout the Western wilderness, making its deeper dens in the caverns of mountain rocks, its lair in the impenetrable thickets of bramble and brakes of cane, or close to miry swamps and watery meadows, and no other region was so loved by it as the vast game park of the Indians, where reigned a semi-tropical splendor and luxuriance of vegetation, and where, protected from time immemorial by the Indian hunters themselves, all the other animals that constitute its prey roved and ranged in unimagined numbers.

"To the earliest Kentuckians who cut their way into this, the most royal jungle of the New World, to wrest it from the Indians and subdue it for wife and child, it was the noiseless, nocturnal cougar that filled their imaginations with the last degree of dread. To them its cry—most peculiar and startling at the love season, at other times described as like the wail of a child or of a traveler lost in the woods—aroused more terror than the nearest bark of the wolf; its stealth and cunning more than the strength and courage and address of the bear; its attack more than the rush of the majestic, resistless lion, or the furious pass, with antlers lowered, of the noble, amber-eyed, infuriated elk.

"Hidden as still as an anvil in long grass or its own hue, or squat on a log, or amid the foliage of a sloping tree, it waited around the salt licks and the springs and along the woodland pathways for the other wild creatures. It possessed the strength to kill and drag a heifer to its lair; it would leap upon the horse of a traveler and hang there unshaken, while with fang and claw it lacerated the hind quarters and the flanks—as the tiger of India tries to hamstring his nobler, unmanageable victim; or let an unwary bullock but sink a little way in a swamp and it was upon his rending him, devouring him, in his long agony.

"Some hunter once had encamped at the foot of a tree, cooked his supper, seen his fire die out and lain down to sleep, with only the infinite solitude of the woods for his blanket, with the dreary, dismal silence for his pillow. Opening his eyes to look up for the last time at the peaceful stars, what he perceived above him were two nearer stars set close together, burning with a green light, never twinkling. Or another was startled out of sleep by the terrible cry of his tethered horse. Or after a long, ominous growl, the cougar had sprung against his tent, knocking it away as a squirrel would knock the thin shell from a nut to reach the kernel; or at the edge of the thicket of tall grass he had struck his foot against the skeleton of some unknown hunter, dragged down long before.

"It was these stories that he remembered now and that filled him with horror, with the faintness of death. His turn had come at last, he said; and as to the others, it had come without warning. He was too shocked with weakness to cry out, to stand up. The windows on each side were fastened; there was no escape. There was nothing in the room on which he could lay hold—no weapon or piece of wood, or bar of iron. If a struggle took place, it would be a clean contest between will and will, courage and courage, strength and strength, the love of prey and the love of life. * * * Soon his face was worth going far to see. He had grown perfectly calm. His weakness had been followed by a sense of strength wholly extraordinary. His old training in the rough athletics of the wilderness had made him supple, agile, wary, long-winded. His eyes had never known what it was to be subdued; he had never taken them from the cougar. Keeping them on it still, he rose slowly from the chair, realizing that his chance would be better if he were in the middle of the room.

"He stepped round in front of his table



The Strange Mountain Home of the Hermit Monks of St. Anthony, The Cliff Dwellers of Greece.

ONE of the most strange and picturesque features of Greece, the country upon which the eyes of the world are now turned, are the monasteries, built in inaccessible places among the mountains. The builders of these monasteries had two objects in view when they selected their sites. One was to isolate themselves as much as possible from the outside world and the other to insure safety from attack by infidels and other enemies. These objects have been so well attained that in many cases the Grecian monasteries are as inaccessible to the Turks of today as they were to the infidels of eighteen centuries ago.

A very remarkable example of these religious fastnesses is to be found in the

and walked two paces straight forward and then paused, his face as white as death, as death. At the instant of his moving he could see the tense drawing in of all the muscles of the cougar and the ripple of its skin, as its whole body quivered with excitement and desire, and he knew that as soon as he stopped it would make its spring. With a growl that announces that all hiding and stealth are over, the leap came. He had thrown his body slightly forward to meet it, with the last thought that whatever happened he must guard his throat.

"It was at this that the cougar aimed, leaping almost perpendicularly, its wide-spread fore feet reaching for his shoulders, while the hind feet grasped at his legs. The under part of its body being thus exposed, he dealt it a blow with all his strength full in the belly with his foot, and hurled it backward. For a second it crouched again, measuring him anew, then sprang again. Again he struck, but this time the fore feet caught his arm as they passed backward; the sharp, retractile nails tore their way across the back and the blood gushed. Instantly the cougar leaped upon the long wooden desk that ran along one side of the room, and from that advantage sprang again; but he bent his body low, so that it passed clean over him.

"Instantly it was upon his desk at his back; and before he could more than recover his balance and turn, it sprang for the fourth time. He threw out his arm to save his throat, but the cougar had reached his left shoulder, struck its claws deep into his heavy coat; and with a deafening roar sounding close in his ears, had buried its fangs near the base of his neck, until he heard them click as they met through his flesh. He staggered, but the desk behind caught him. Straightening himself up, and grasping the panther with all his strength as he would a man, he turned with it and bent it over the sharp edge of the ponderous desk, lower, lower, trying to break its back. One of the fore feet was beginning to tear through his clothing, and straightening himself up again, he reached down and caught this foot and tried to bend it, break it.

"He threw himself with all his force upon the floor, falling with the cougar under him, trying to crush it. He staggered to his feet again, but stepped on his own blood and fell. And then, feeling his blood trickling down his breast and his strength going, with one last effort he put up his hands, and seizing the throat, fastened his fingers like iron rivets around the windpipe. And then—with the long, loud, hoarse, despairing roar with which a man, his mouth full of water, sinks far out into the ocean—he fell again.

A hunter comes to the rescue in a perfectly natural way, and the whole episode is indeed well within the probabilities, the author having apparently studied his subject thoroughly before entering upon it, as seems to be his habit in all his work.

A GREAT JUMP.

A Rival of Steve Brodie Having a Lot of Fun in Edinburgh.

Tommy Burns is a Scotchman who goes about jumping from bridges and other high places into the water. He never misses a chance to jump. The best take-off into the harbor of Leith, the port of Edinburgh, being from a window in a private house. Tommy Burns obtained entrance into the premises in question on the ground that he belonged to the burg and was anxious to take certain measurements with a tape. Having made his way into a bedroom, Tommy proceeded to dress himself for his dive. The costume consisted of "a constable's helmet, bearing the Edinburgh city coat-of-arms, a constable's tunic, and tights," and in this classic garb, to the great alarm of the occupier of the house, Mr. Hans Christian Andersen, he suddenly leaped from the window into the water below.

The magistrate at the Leith Police Court asked Burns if he wished to advance any plea of temporary insanity, and on Tommy's scoring such a subterfuge, he very properly sentenced him to pay a fine of \$50. Missing in a useful act, but when it leads enthusiasts to enter private houses on false pretences and frighten Hans Christian Andersen, it needs to be put down with a strong hand.

causes of the Hermits of St. Anthony, at Meteora, near Trikkhalla. They are at the foot of a branch of the Pindus Mountains, which separate Turkey and Greece, and the struggling armies are now within a few miles of them.

The monks who occupy these caves pattern their lives, as their title indicates, on the famous saint who resisted the most alluring of all earthly temptations. It would seem that in their present situation they are safe from any unwelcome temptation.

Their habitations are constructed in the flat wall of a cliff rising to the height of 500 feet. Some of the entrances are 200 feet from the ground. Access to them is only possible by means of ropes hauled up

by the occupants of the caves. In front of the entrances are rough wooden platforms, from which the rope handling is done, and where the monks can take a breath of fresh air occasionally.

The monks live in extreme simplicity and poverty. They eat so little that it would certainly be difficult to starve them out. It would be hard to find more perfect isolation from the wicked world than this.

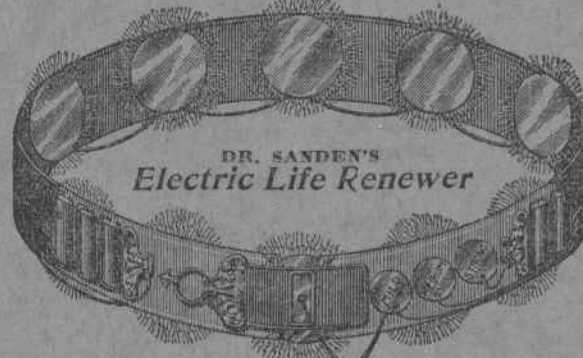
"THE FLY SONG."

Through the courtesy of the publishing firm of M. Whitmark & Sons, the Journal is enabled to give to its music-loving readers one of the most pronounced hits of the season, "The Fly Song." This song is one lately introduced by Chauncey Olcott in his successful play "Sweet Innisness" that is running at the Fourteenth Street Theatre. Any song that Olcott sings is apt to be pronounced a hit, and in his new play several catchy songs were sung for the first time, and declared "winners" by the street urchins, and "big sellers" by the publishers. There are a number of catchy hits sung by Olcott in this play, "An Old Fashioned Mother," "Kate O'Donoghue," "Sweet Innisness," and "The Fly Song" are the most popular.

What Makes Men Strong?

ELECTRICITY—The Fountain of Youth, the perpetual energy which sustains all animal life. It is the source from which springs the bubbling spirit of joy in young manhood. It is the vital element which keeps up the nerve force in old men to a good old age. When the body is charged with it the vital powers are strong. Confidence flashes from the eye and the step is firm. Without it—well, how is it with you? Are you weak, gloomy, wanting physical and brain force? If you are weak you should begin at once using this famous appliance for weak men.

Why Not Be Strong?



This Gives Strength.

This appliance is the result of twenty years of close study, and contains all the recent improvements known to science. It is, in fact, a perfect battery made in the form of a belt, to be worn on the body while the patient rests.

ARE YOU NOT TIRED OF USELESS DRUGGING?

No doubt you have tried medicines and failed. Why not try Nature's Own Remedy in this simple but thoroughly scientific way? Improved Electric Suspensory Free with all Belts.

IT CURES YOU WHILE YOU SLEEP.

The electric current from this belt is felt as soon as it touches the body. This is warranted under a forfeit of \$5,000. It can be regulated to any power required, while the belt is on the body, and is worn while you sleep without the slightest trouble.



DR. SANDEN, 826 Broadway New York City.

Office Hours, 9-6; Sunday, 11-1.

DOCTOR COPELAND GIVES NOTICE REGARDING THE LOW FEES.

They Only Apply to Patients Commencing or Renewing Treatment Before June 1.

Only Such Will Be Treated Until Cured at the Low Fees Which Have Been for So Long Sustained—Raising the Fees the Only Practical Way of Relieving the Strain Upon the Offices Caused by the Influx of Patients to Be Cured of Deafness.

For a number of years Doctor Copeland and his associates in practice have given the people their services at fees so low that they could not even be called nominal. Since the Discovery of the cure for Deafness, the influx of patients from all over the country has been so great as to almost exhaust the facilities of their two offices and their laboratories. The work cannot be kept up in this way without largely increased facilities, which it is inexpedient to supply. The only practical way of relieving the strain will be followed—as has been already stated in letters to former patients—the fees will be raised to reduce the number of patients.

In doing this Doctor Copeland feels it just and courteous to give adequate notice to the thousands of patients who have during the past years been treated at these offices at low fees; to give adequate notice that every patient who has ever been treated at these offices will be taken and treated under the new methods which have awakened the attention of the scientific world, at the fees originally paid, providing they renew before June 1. This means that every patient who has taken treatment and stopped for any reason whatever may commence again at the original fee during this present month and obtain the benefit of the new and wonderful treatment that has thrilled the world with its record of cures. It also means that any who have been for a long time contemplating taking treatment may have the advantage of the low fees, providing their treatment is commenced before June 1. This is the notice:

The low fees which have been given during the Copeland practice in New York will only apply to those beginning or renewing treatment during this month. The books will be closed June 1. Only those patients applying for or renewing treatment before that date will be entitled to the low fees. All those, however, beginning or renewing treatment before that date will, as is manifestly just, be entitled to these fees until cured. This notice is final. It applies to all old and new patients and all diseases. It is limited only in time.



Mrs. Lizzie Piquet, 123 East 21st St., New York City. Hearing Restored; Ringing Noises Stopped.

HER DEAFNESS CAUSED BY GRIPPE.

Mrs. Bridget Murtagh, 307 West 52d Street, New York City: "My deafness was caused by the Grippe eight years ago. My left ear was stone deaf. After a time my right ear became very hard of hearing. I hear again perfectly with my right ear and clearly with my left ear.

"Worse even than my deafness were the terrible noises that were almost constant in my head. I doubt if there is any sort of a disagreeable noise that I did not hear at times. The most troublesome one was as though an alarm clock were going off inside my head.

"From the time I began to improve the hearing in my right ear became better and better daily, and now I can hear sounds with my left ear that I had not heard for eight years. The improvement is constant. The noises in my head have been almost entirely driven away; they trouble me now only slightly, in cold and bad weather."

SCARLET FEVER CAUSED HER DEAFNESS.

Mrs. S. A. Bycroft, 339 West 35th St. (present address care Mrs. Chas. Sherwood, 32 Monument St., Colorado Springs, Col.): "My deafness was caused by scarlet fever six years ago.

"When I first went to Dr. Copeland I was so deaf that people had to holler at me to make me hear. I could not hear the rumbling of the street cars. I was very deaf. My hearing has been completely restored. I hear everything distinctly. I can hear the car bells a block away. I can hear as well as I ever did in my life.

"I lost a good situation, I was so deaf.

"I had noises in my ears like a serpent hissing and the buzzing of bees, which annoyed me continually. These noises have been entirely driven away."

THE BLIZZARD CAUSED HIS DEAFNESS.

Walter J. J. Gussenhoven, 1088 Park Ave., New York City, aged 69 years: "My deafness resulted from a cold which I caught in the blizzard of '88; from that time on my hearing failed until it became so bad that I could not hear the ringing of a bell near by. The Copeland Doctors have restored my hearing so that it is as perfect as it was when I was a boy."

AN EAR DEAD TO SOUND FOR 20 YEARS HEARS AGAIN.

Mrs. C. Stewart, 543 5th Ave., South Brooklyn: "The Copeland Doctors have restored my hearing after a period of deafness lasting over twenty years.

"My deafness resulted from abscesses. Following these came ringing noises in my ears and then total loss of hearing in my right ear. For nearly twenty years I never heard a sound with it.

"Two years ago my left ear became affected. My head seemed confused all the time. All sounds were indistinct. I could not understand general conversation.

"I sold out my shoe store principally for the reason that it was so annoying to ask customers over and over again what they said. Across the Store I Could Not Hear a word. I was constantly getting deafer and deafer.

"I had been under Doctor Copeland's treatment for a long time before I noticed any improvement whatever, and had become thoroughly discouraged, when suddenly I noticed that sounds came to me more clearly. I found that I could hear people talking across the table and across the room.

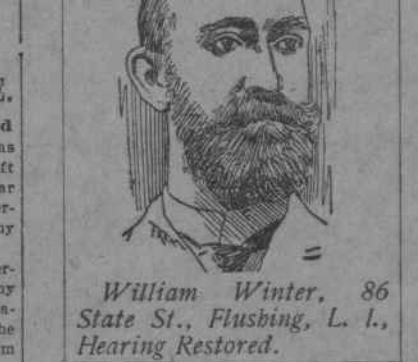
"Gradually my hearing came back until Now I Can Hear a Whisper and have no difficulty in understanding clearly every word that is said. My right ear—the ear that had been dead to sound for twenty years—is also improved so that I can hear many sounds with it.

"The blessing and saving sounds that had disturbed me for the greater part of my lifetime have been entirely driven away.

"I tell of this restoration of my hearing from the sense of duty to others who suffer from the same misfortune that I did, and out of appreciation for the great good done me by the Copeland Physicians."

HEARING RESTORED, RINGING NOISES STOPPED.

Mrs. Lizzie Piquet, 123 East 21st St., New York City: "An attack of the Grippe left me so deaf that when I was at a party I could not hear one sound. I felt as though there was cotton in my ears all the time. I had sharp pains and awful noises in my head. The Copeland Doctors have completely restored my hearing and entirely driven away the sounds."



William Winter, 86 State St., Flushing, L. I., Hearing Restored.

DEAFNESS INTERFERED WITH HIS BUSINESS.

O. L. Smith, 6 Tompkins Ave., Tompkinsville, S. I.: "I began to grow deaf about nine years ago. Being a clockmaker by trade it placed me at a great disadvantage. I can hear now once more as well as I ever did in my life.

"In order to tell whether my work was right or not it was necessary for me to place a screw-driver at my ear, making of it a sort of telephone, so that I could hear the ticking of a clock, otherwise I could not hear it tick at all. Now, without any difficulty, I can hear the ticking of a watch and hear all sounds with perfect distinctness."

CURING BRONCHIAL CATARRH.

Arthur Smith, 438 Prospect Ave., Brooklyn: "I was obliged to give up my employment on account of my illness. I lost fifteen pounds in one week. The Copeland Doctors have cured me.

"Bronchial Catarrh" had reduced me to a complete wreck. I had constant pains under the ribs, and I was unable to sleep. It was impossible for me to alter my diet, as I had three or four fits of coughing every evening, which completely exhausted me and made me very weak. My cough has been cured, and I have no more pains; and, in fact, I feel as well as I ever did in my life."

CATARRH OF THROAT.

George Pierpol, 219 West 120th Street, City: "The Copeland Doctors have completely cured me of Catarrh of the Throat, from which I was greatly troubled for several years. I had a feeling as though there was a lump in my throat and I was obliged to keep up a constant effort to clear it. It is dry and irritated."

MR. WINTER HAD BEEN DEAF 25 YEARS—HEARS AGAIN CLEARLY.

William Winter, 86 State Street, Flushing, L. I.: "I can hear again clearly after having been deaf for twenty-five years.

"My deafness was caused when a boy by holding my head under water so much when in swimming. At school I was obliged to keep



O. L. Smith, 6 Tompkins Ave., Tompkinsville, S. I., Hearing Restored.

asking over and over again to have questions repeated to me.

"My parents consulted many physicians, all of whom said that nothing could be done for me because

My Ear Drums Had Been Injured.

"As I grew older the deafness increased. When I went to the Copeland Doctors they told me that they could cure me. I was so deaf then that I could not hear ordinary conversation. I could not hear a bell ring. I could not hear a word spoken unless the voice was raised. I could not hear at church or at the theatre.

"There was a peculiar sensation in my ears all the time, a noise like escaping steam or the sound made by the pounding on an empty iron boiler."

"Shortly after I began treatment the noises stopped. Then after a time

My Hearing Began to Improve.

"I noticed one day that I could hear the church bell ringing some distance from my house, a sound that had never been heard before in my life at that distance. Late night I noticed that I could hear the piano when in another room. I find that I hear many sounds that I had never before noticed. My improvement had already been so marked that I have no doubt as to my permanent and entire cure. In fact, I now hear as well as the majority of persons."

SO DEAF HE COULDN'T TAKE ORDERS CORRECTLY.

Henry Peters, No. 322 Madison St., Hoboken, N. J.: "I was deaf first came on two years ago. I grew worse every week. I did not know what the matter with me at first. I heard indistinctly and incorrectly.

"As I drive a delivery wagon for my father, who keeps a hardware shop, this caused a great deal of trouble. Mistakes were being constantly made that hurt his business. Finally, I began to realize that the fault lay with me, and not those who gave me the orders. I could not hear.

"If I had been working for anybody else than my father, I would have lost my job.

"At last my condition became miserable. A little hammering sound that I first noticed in the ears grew worse. I would wake up at night, and lay there awake for hours, kept awake by a noise as loud as and just exactly like the trolley cars make when they get near you. The next day I was no use on the wagon, on account of loss of sleep. I lost flesh rapidly, and became nervous and cranky.

"It was a lucky day that my father took me to Doctor Copeland. I began to get better. In less than a week I slept soundly until I was waked up to go on the wagon, and the daytime noises grew smaller and smaller, until now I hardly ever hear them.

"I hear everything that is said to me by strangers and the folks at home don't have to holler at me as they used to. I am getting better every day."

Henry Peters, Sr., his father, says: "My son was so deaf that he was of little use to me in my business. I took him to Doctor Copeland, and he has improved so much that I have put him back to his work of securing and delivering orders. His hearing is all right, except when he takes cold."

CHRONIC STOMACH TROUBLE.

William Weehing, 409 Steinway Ave., Astoria, L. I.: "I had become completely run down from Catarrh of the Stomach, from which I had been a long sufferer. I had severe pains around my heart, which came on an hour after eating. Any food that I ate would cause me distress and form quantities of gas, which I would belch up. I lost flesh and always had a chilly feeling. I have been completely cured by the Copeland Doctors."

CONSULTATION FREE.

THE Copeland Medical Institute, OFFICES:

79 Fifth Avenue, between 15th and 16th Streets, and 315 Madison Avenue, corner of 43d Street, New York.

Do W. H. Copeland, E. E. Gardner

Hun John.

OF S:

M. to 8 P. M. Sunday

9 4 P. M.